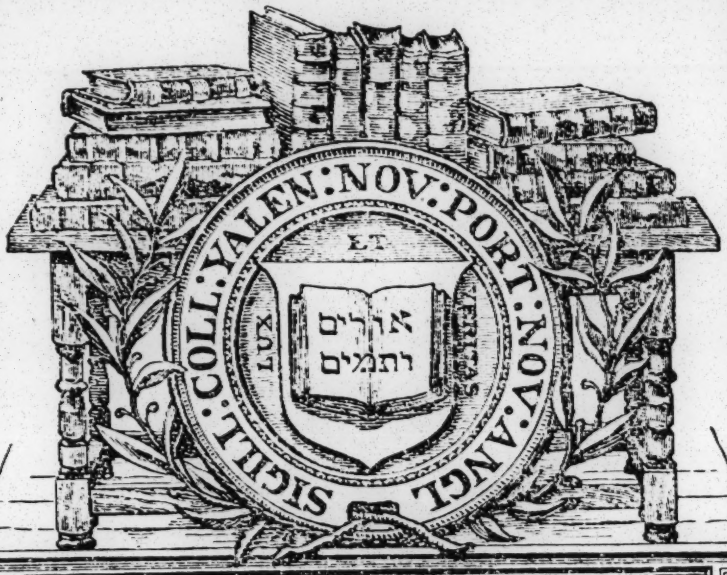

"I give these Books
for the founding of a College in this Colony"

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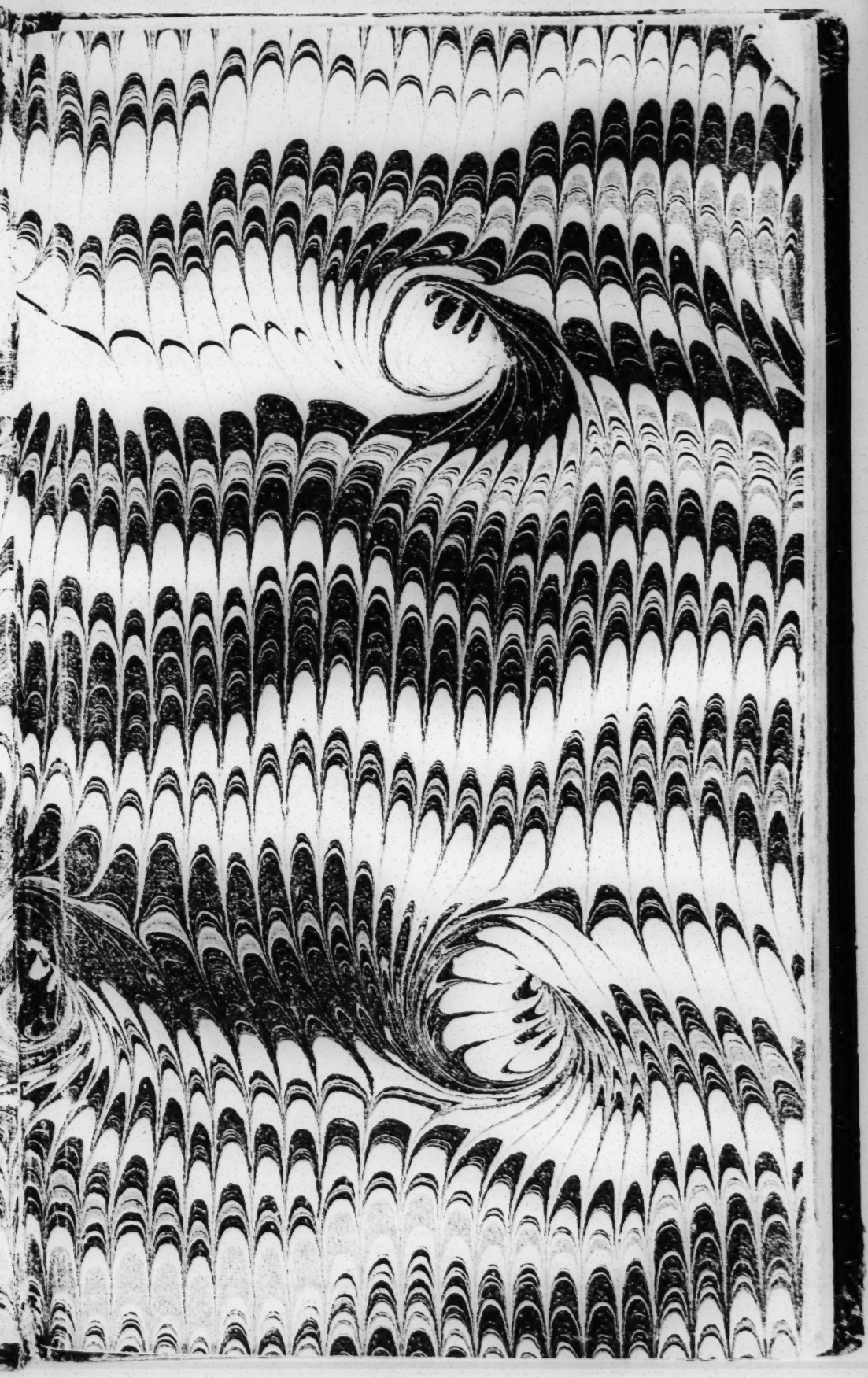


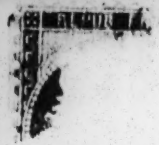
Description of Love. 1636 Flesher

This is a little curiosity is from the Library of Geo. Steevens, & has his autograph on back of title. A Copy of the 2d Edit. Print.d by E. Griffith was in Bib. Ang. Poetica & stands marked at by Guineas. I have had an unsuccessful search for the book in any of its Editions in the British Museum Liby (22 Sept 1860) I have supplied the 2 leaves wanting from a Copy shewn to me by a Bookseller. It does not appear who Edited this interesting little book, but the mind of Withers & Johnson are prominent upon the title. Note what a Bear Garden Paules must have been in former times. Ruffers & Vagabonds of all kinds Congregated there; & by the Song of the Beggar in this Wefind he had his Pillar against which he stood

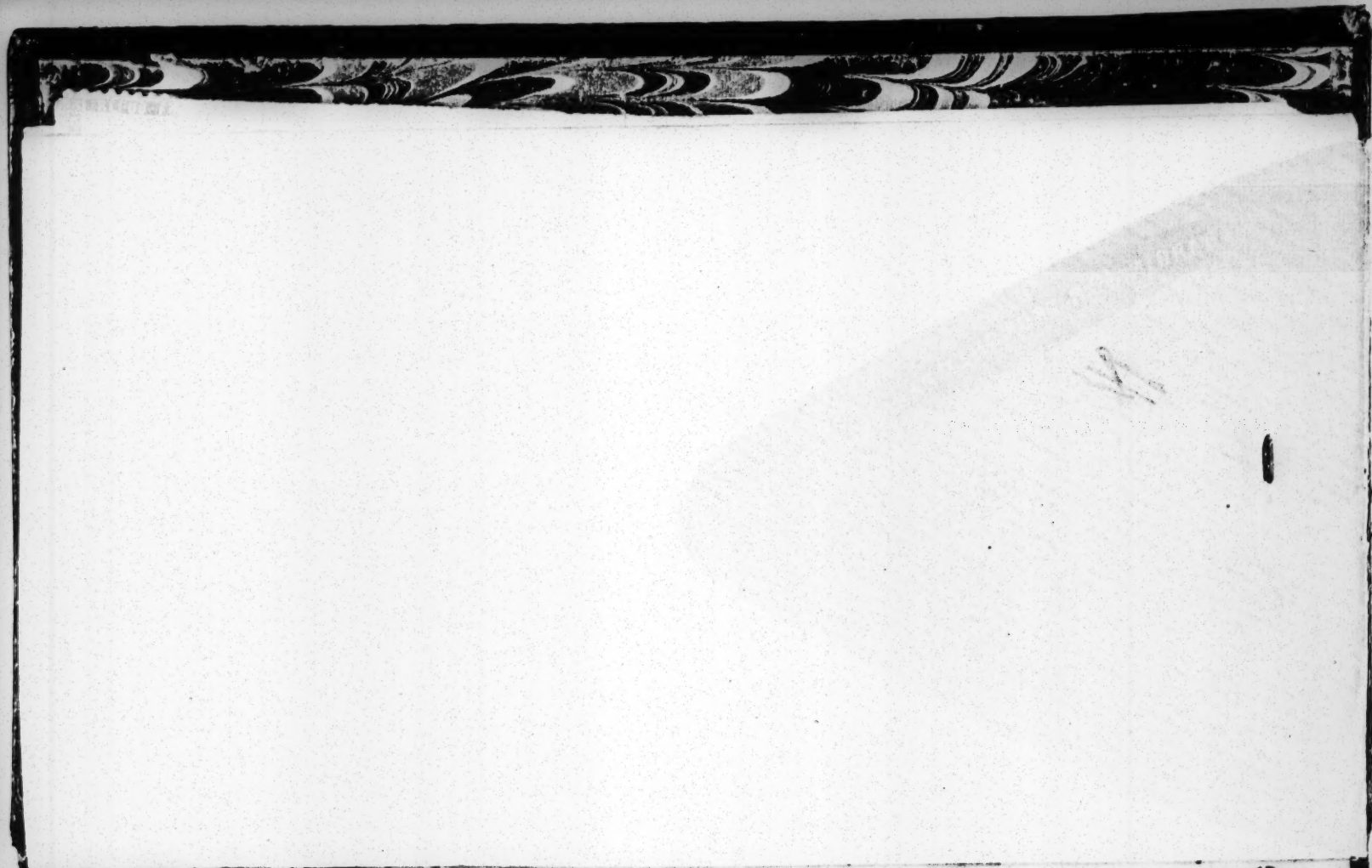
"With a writ that shows what care & woes.
"I past by Sea & Sand, Sir."

The recorded Editions of the book are —

1st		
2d	sm. 8. pp 62. 1620	Rather
3.		Remarkable
4.		that so few
5.	1625?	should now
6.	8. 30 leaves. 1629 Flesher	Exist
7.		
8.	mine. . . 1636 Flesher	A. Gardyne.
9.	1638.	



A Gardyne Esq.
184. Richmond Road Hackney
London N.E.



A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

With certaine *Epigrams.* *Elegies.* and *Sonnets.*

AND

Alſo Maſt: IOHNSONS Anſwere to Maſter WITHERS.

With the Crie of *Ludgate*, and the SONG of the *Begger.*

The eighth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by MILES FLESHER.
1636.

ALEXANDER
1883
GARDYNE

Geo. Steevens

The Author to the Booke.

IT is no little Cottage that containes
Wild wandring youth, or giddy headed braines
Their ſoft downe beds at home or dainty fare
Contents them not, they love the open Ayre:
They among themſelves expoſtulating ſay,
Shall we like Snailes, live in our ſhels? Away
To Sea for ſhame, to Ship, let's goe aboord,
And ſee what other Countries can affoord:
But being pincht with cold, or parcht with heat,
Ready to die for thirſt, or ſtarve for meat,
When they grow leane and lowſie, tatterd, torn,
When they be curb'd, mockt, ſcoft, contemnd,
Seeing their folly: then they ſigh and cry (forlorn,
Oh what a happy thing it is to die!
Even ſo my gadding muſe, and running braine,
Not witting what it was to paſſe the maine,
In a mad humor once or merry fit,
Would needs go wander without feare or wit:
But being toſt in the tempeſtuous Seas,
Having no friend, no comfort, reſt, or eaſe,

She vow'd if e'r ſhe ſet a foot on ſhore,
Ne'r to ſee Sea, or once take ſhipping more.
Like a drownd Mouſe at laſt to land ſhe got,
And being wounded, weake, and full of ſhot,
Crept in a corner, chooſing there to lye,
(Rather then once peepe out of doore) and die
But yet alas, within a yeare or twaine,
Newes came my Muſe muſt to the Sea againe:
She being full of griefe, and quite diſmaid,
Flies unto me, and cries to me for aid;
But all in vaine for ſuccour did ſhe crave,
I could not helpe her: but ſelfe doe, ſelfe have.
I told her plaine my minde, what I thought beſt,
To arme her ſelfe and goe, ſince ſhe was preſt.
So to the ſea the ſecond time ſhe went,
Againſt all wind and weather being bent.
Let Criticks cracke and crow, let Royſters raile,
No ſtorm (ſaid ſhe) ſhal make me now ſtrike ſaile
A little wetting ſhall not make me ſhrinke:
I'le hoiſt up ſaile, though I be ſure to ſinke.
Then to her tacklings did ſhe ſtoutly ſtand
The ſecond voyage, till ſhe came to land.
Good gentle ſirs, let me now beg this boone,
That ſhe ne'r paſſe the ſeas, as ſhe hath done:
The ſeas are dangerous, and the Ocean rough,
And ſince that ſhe hath ſervice done enough,
Now let her reſt: ſeeke not her heart to breake;

She's weather-beaten, old and ſprings a leake;
The Pitcher, being framed ne'r ſo ſtrong,
Comes broken home, going to water long,
Now let her reſt: give her a little breath,
Preſſe her no more, leſt ſhe be preſt to death.
But ſhe is bound the eighth time to the ſeas
She muſt not lie at harbour or at eaſe:
I cannot for her life my voyage ſtay:
She's bound, and being bound, ſhe muſt obey.
Farewell, deare Muſe, I thought ere this to ſee
Thee weary of the World, or that of thee.

To the Booke.

MY little ſhip doth on the Ocean fleet,
That every circumſpecting eye may ſee't:
Now in her iourney leſt ſhe chance to faile,
Let Printers pray ſhe may haue happy ſaile.

To the Reader.

SOme mẽ there be that praiſe whats good they hear
And ſome there are that carpe what ere it be:
Some men in Zoilus *ghoſt will ſoone appeare,*
And ſome with Ariſtippus *flatterie,*
But carpe at what you can, diſpraiſe, back-bite,
Ile never hide my Poems from the light.

To the envious Reader.

PAle faced Envy, aimes at greateſt men,
And by her nature ever ſeekes to clime,
If it be ſo, ſurely ſhe will not then,
Looke downe ſo low as for to view my Rime:
But if againſt her nature ſhe will ſee't,
Her, face to face, my verſe ſhall dare to meet.

A De-

A Deſcription of Love.

NE'r toucht my lips the *Heliconian* Well,
Mine eyes ne'r gaz'd upon *Parnaſſus* hill,
My tongue did never ancient ſtories tell:
My hand did never hold a curious quill,
Yet write I muſt, but if I barren be,
And ſhew no wit, Ile ſhew my induſtry.

Where is the mortall man that can define,
The thing calld love, which al the gods do honor:
Her greatneſſe goes beyond the wit of mine,
I goe beyond my wits to thinke vpon her:
The more I think what this ſame love ſhould
The leſſe I doe conceive what thing is ſhe, (be

A taske moſt weighty doe I undergoe,
By undertaking for to ſpeake of Love,
Whoſe bare deſcription I did never know,
Whoſe definition poſe the gods above: (blind,
Shes deafe yet hears, ſhes dumb yet ſpeaks, ſhes
Yet *Ianus* like, ſhe ſeeth before, behind,

Like

A Deſcription of Love.

Like unto Summers graſſe ſhe's freſh and greene,
Sh'adornes the body, as the flowers the field,
She in a beggar lives as in a Queene,
She conquers *Mars* & yet to *Mars* ſhee'l yeeld:
She's white, ſhe's red, ſhe's yellow as the gold,
She's ever living, yet is never old.

Inviſible ſhe is, yet her we ſee;
Both heaven and earth this goddeſſe doth inherit
She's fleſh, ſhe's blood, ſhe's bone as well as we
Yet can ſhe nothing doe but with a ſpirit.
She is a pondrous feather, witty folly,
A quicke thing ſlow, a merry melancholy.

Shee'l ſoone be angry ſhee'l be pleas'd as ſoone,
Maliciouſneſſe ne'r harbours in her minde.
She's hot i'th morning, but ſhe's cold ere noone;
She's rough, ſhe's calm, ſhe's hogiſh yet ſhe's kind
Shee'l ſing, ſhee'l ſob, ſo that the curious fiction,
May terme and call her well, a contradiction.

She is a reſtleſſe reſt a fervent cold,
A wholeſome poyſon, ſhe's a paineſull pleaſure,
Exceeding ſhame-faſte, ſhe's exceeding bold;
She's bitter honey, ſhe's a gaineleſſe treaſure,
She's too too looſe, yet too too faſt a knot:
She is a helliſhe Heaven, what is ſhe not?

She made *Leander* paſſe the raging ſeas,
His loving *Hero* that he might enjoy;
Faire *Helena* did *Paris* better pleaſe,
Then all his kinſfolks, or the wealth in *Troy*:
She's ſuch a thing that we ſo much reſpect,
That we our friends forget, our ſelves neglect.

Our native Country doe we quite forſake,
Our prudent parents will we diſobey,
Through deſart places journies doe we make,
And ſo become ſome lurking Lions prey;
Nay more then this, down quick to hell we go,
As *Orpheus* did, if love would have it ſo.

Whilſt on the key-cold earth our love doth lie,
The ground ſends forth a comfortable heat,
Forgetting of her owne propriety, (feat,
The ſtones ſeeme ſoft whilſt love makes them her
Down on the downs whilſt louers lie together
The down ſeems down, & every ſtone a fether.

Who her enjoyes, enjoyes all earthly pleaſure,
Who her enjoyes, can feele no cold nor heat,
Who her enjoyes, enjoyes a world of treaſure,
Who her enjoyes, enjoyes his drinke, his meat.
Shees hony ſweet, her ſelfe not mixt with gall,
Who her enjoyes, enjoyeth all in all.

But if the goddeſſe Love ſhould changed be,
And not perpetually abide the ſame;
She headlong fals into extreamity:
She takes upon her then another name.
Her white is blacke, her ſmilings changed are;
She is a Fury grown which once was faire.

Her golden haires are turnd to ſlimy ſnakes,
Her eyes like fire, her touch doth poyſon ſpit;
Moſt grim and dreadfully her head ſhe ſhakes,
Which on her ſhoulders once did finely ſit.
Her pretty liſping tongue, & wanton ſpeeches,
Are turn'd to yelling, howling, & to ſcreeches.

She whom the gods did love to looke upon,
Makes *Pluto* quiver at her odious ſight:
Who was a Mate moſt meet for love alone,
Is now become a Fiend in darkſome night
Who once was lovely and in rich eſtate,
Is wretched, hurtfull, and is turnd to hate.

Your youthfull youths will not ſo often knocke,
And beate their tender fiſts againſt the doore,
But ruſt and canker now conſumes the locke,
For want of uſe which ſhind with uſe before.
She keeps her home, and lurking there doth lie,
In holes and corners free from company.

Speake

Speake what ſhe will, ſhe may, theres none that
Let, her bite, backe-bite, ſlander or revile, (heares:
Weep whilſt ſhes weary, none reſpects her tears
We know they come but from a Crocodile;
We know her arts, her cunning, charms & skil,
Who can ſeeme kind to thoſe ſhe means to kil.

Then why for *Roſa* ſhould I carke and care?
Why for my *Roſa* ſhould I ſorrow feele,
Being ſhees falſe, as much as ſhe is faire?
What once lay at my heart; lies at my heele:
For why, a foole I ſhould accounted be,
To die for her that ſcornes to liue with me.

Farewell my *Roſa*, as fickle as the wind,
Yet read theſe verſes which I make of you,
Scan them upon your fingers, and youle find,
That every ſtaffe and line of theſe be true:
Then ſince that you and I are now apart
My verſes feet be truer then thy heart.

Curſt be that beauty which was once my bliſſe,
Curſt be thoſe twinckling ſtar-like eies of thine.
Curſt be thoſe lips which gave me kiſſe for kiſſe,
Curſt be the tong which told me thou wert mine.
Curſt be thoſe arms which once did hold me
And ten times curſed be what ere thou haſt. (faſt

Now

A Deſcription of Love.

Now to ſome uncouth deſart will I goe
There will I lay me downe in melancholy,
Where croaking toads lie throtling out my woe,
Or where ſome ſnakes lie hiſſing in my folly:
There will I lay me downe, there will I ſtay,
And never turne, untill I turne to clay.

But ſoft, what ſlumber hath mine eyes oppreſt,
What idle fantaſies diſturbe my braines,
What is it makes me raile amidſt my reſt:
In ſlumber ſweet, what makes me talke of paines?
Pardon ſweet Love, on me compaſſion take,
For this I dreaming or in paſſion ſpake.

The *Helitrophium* makes no ſhew at night,
The proudeſt *Peacocke* hath no pleaſing cry,
The glittering Sun reſerves his totall light,
Though miſty clouds may keepe it from our eye:
Pardon ſweet love, once more I pardon aske,
Faire is not foule, although ſhe weare a maske.

He ſomtimes feeles the pricks that puls the Roſe,
Who hony takes, may ſometimes touch the ſting,
The faireſt flowers may offend the noſe,
Death may be neare, although the ſwan doth ſing
Checks from ſuch cheeks, & frowns from ſuch a face,
Sweet love, I like, ſo I may thee imbrace.

Then

Then promiſe me I may enjoy thy ſight,
And faithfully thy word and promiſe keepe,
Leſt I lie tumbling all the irkeſome night,
Telling the tedious minutes, wanting ſleepe.
For when ones loue doth ſtay a while away,
Each minute ſeems an houre, each houre a day.

Seeing.

What if I walke moſt richly through the towne,
What if I be adord like *Mahomet*,
What if I take my reſt on beds of doune,
What if I doe enjoy whole kingdomes? yet
All this is nought, unleſſe my *Roſa* be
In preſence to behold my braverie.

Hearing.

What if the beſt Muſitians that bee,
Take in their hand a ſeverall inſtrument,
And play to me the ſweeteſt harmonie,
That ever was? yet were it no content;
The ſweeteſt tunes ſeeme harſh unto mine eare,
Unleſſe my *Roſa* be in place to heare.

Smelling.

What if my skin ſhould be by nature ſweet
Like *Alexanders*; what if by perfumes (ſtreet,
Each man ſhould ſmell me paſſing through the
What if my ſmell make ſweet il-ſmelling rooms?
Theſe ſmels, theſe odours little wil content me,
Unleſſe my *Roſa* be in place to ſent me.

Taſting.

Taſting.

What if my table be moſt richly ſpread
With the beſt iunkets can be made for men,
If Nectar be my drinke, if that my bread,
Be of the pureſt Manchet made, what then?
All theſe delights will not my palate pleaſe,
Leſſe my *Roſa* be in place to taſte of theſe

Feeling.

What if the faireſt Damſels in the Land
With ſilke like skin and Alablaſter white,
Should all at once before me naked ſtand
To touch: they neither pleaſe my touch or ſight:
Roſa is ſhe, like whom there is none ſuch,
She is my eye, eare, ſmell, my taſte, or touch,

All the ſenſes.

Her voyce is pleaſant muſicke to the eare,
Her lookes doe like our ſight exceeding well:
Feed on her lips, ſhe is the daintieſt cheare,
Mongſt all perfumes ſhe is the ſweeteſt ſmell:
Our hot deſire her water onely quenches,
She is the touch, the very ſenſe of ſenſes,
She is the ſtar by whom the ſhipmen ſayle,
She is the hatches, ſhe wherein they reſt;
She is the wind that makes the proſperous gale,
She is the haven, ſhe which pleaſeth beſt;
She is the Dolphin which *Arion* die
Preſerve from danger, whilſt he playd and rid

Then be my Pilot to direct my ſhip,
Be thou the onely houſe where I may dwell,
Be thou the onely cup to touch my lip,
Be thou my heaven, and I ſhall feele no hell,
Be thou my winde; in ſpite of *Æolus*,
My journey then muſt needs be proſperous.

Now what is Love, or what may we it call,
Tell me, O thou that trieſt? I doe beſeech
You ſee, that onely ſhe's the ſenſes all;
I thinke ſhe's alſo all the parts of ſpeech:
To call her firſt a *Noune*, *I* thinke it good,
What can be felt, ſeene, heard, or underſtood.

Noune.

She is a *Noune*, and a *Noune ſubſtantive*,
And by that name I may her rightly call,
Who ſtands her ſelfe, vnleſſe another ſtrive
To fling her downe, and force her for to fall:
An *Adjective* ſhe may be alſo ſaid,
Who ſometime doth require anothers aid.

But of *Nounes ſubſtantive* there are two ſorts,
Some *Nounes* are proper, others common be,
The beſt of all Grammarians reports;
If it be ſo, yet both of theſe is ſhe;
She's proper, ſmall, and of but ſlender bone,
She's doubtfull, common yet no moe then one.

A Deſcription of Love.

A Pronoune.

She is a *Pronoune*, like unto a *Noune*,
A *Pronoune* now ſhe may be called well,
For ſhe what ere is done throughout the towne,
To every one, that comes, will ſhew and tell;
She buſie is, like Poets that be verſing,
She doth delight in ſhewing and rehearſing.

A Verbe.

She's a *Verbe Active*, for if any wooe,
And aske her if ſhe loves, ſhee'l ſay, I doe;
She is a *Paſſive*, too, for ſhe'l ſit ſtill,
And ſuffer any man to have his will:
But yet to her I ne'r will be a ſuter,
She's *Active, paſſive*, but to me a *Neuter*.

A Participle.

She is a *Participle* too, I know,
For ſhe hath two ſtrings ever to her bow;
She is a *Noune*, a *Verbe*, yet ſometimes neither
She ſometimes only takes but part of either.
Foure kindes of *Participles* now there be:
But ſhe is of the *Pretertenſe* with me.

An Adverbe.

Adverbes of divers kinds I know there be:
An *Adverbe* then of any kinde is ſhe,
Sometime ſhe is of place, for here and there,
Nay looke for her, you'l find her any where;

She's any *Adverbe*; if you would know why;
She'l wiſh, ſhe'l ſweare, flatter, affirme, deny.

A Conjunction.

She's a *Conjunction copulative*, for either,
As cloſe as wax ſhe joyneth things together;
Or a *Diſ-junctive*, for ſhe'l ſtir up ſtrife,
(Having a naughty tongue) twixt man and wife:
Shee is a thing that's fit for any function,
She's any thing, therefore any *Conjunction*.

A Prepoſition.

She is a part of ſpeech commonly ſet
Before all other parts of ſpeeches; yet
This part of ſpeech, we very often find
Beyond, beſide, nigh, through, about, behinde,
She is a *Prepoſition* likewiſe ſeene,
Within, without, againſt, beneath, betweene.

An Interjection.

Since ſhe is any thing, we laſt of all,
May rightly her an *Interjection* call;
Sometimes ſhe's curſt, ſometimes exceeding kind
Troubled with divers paſſions of the mind;
Of marvelling, ſhe'ſoften, as *Pape*,
Sometimes of laughing too, as *haha he*.

O you moſt brave coniuring Seminaries,
Read and attend my wofull wooing ſtory:

Sonnets.

Take beads, make croſſes, ſay your *Ave Maries*,
And pray I may be out of Purgatorie:
For if I'me not in Purgatorie here,
Ile not beleeve theres any any where.

Epigrams.

To the courteous Reader.

THeſe Epigrams I made ſeven years agoe,
Before I rime or reaſon ſcarce did know:
Condemne me not for making theſe, alas,
It was not I, I am not as I was.

Of a Legacie not an Ambaſſadour.

As twas my fortune by a wood to ride,
I ſaw two men, their armes behind them tide,
The one lamenting there what did befall,
Cride, I'me undone, my wife and children all:
The other hearing him, aloud did crie,
Undoe me then, let me no longer lie:
But to be plaine, the men which there *I* found
Were both undone indeed, yet both faſt bound

T

To a Barber.

Tonſorius onely lives by cutting haire,
And yet he brags, that Kings to him ſit bare,
Me thinkes he ſhould not brag and boaſt of it,
For he muſt ſtand to beggers while they ſit.

He taſtes of his bitten nailes.

Philomathes once ſtudying to indite,
Nibled his fingers, and his nailes did bite:
By this *I* know not what he did intend,
Unleſſe his wit lay at his fingers end.

Of one ſubject to his Wife.

Noctivagus walking in the evening ſad,
Met with a ſpirit; whether it was good or bad,
He did not know: yet courage he did take,
And to the wandring ſpirit thus he ſpake,
If good thou bee'ſt thou'l hurt no ſilly men,
If thou beeſt bad, thou'ſt cauſe to love me then,
For I thy Kinſman am, my wife's ſo evill,
That *I* am ſure *I* married with the divell.

Of Nature.

Nature did well in giving poore men wit,
That fooles well monified, may pay for it.

Epigrams.

To a Lawyer.

To goe to law, I have no maw,
Although my ſute bee ſure,
For I ſhal lack ſutes to my back,
Ere I my ſute procure,

Demoſthenes his imperfection.

Demoſthenes both learning had and wit,
As we may gather by the bookes he writ:
Then blame him not having ſo much to vtter,
If that his tongue did trip, or he did ſtutter,

Of a Tobacconiſt.

If mans fleſh be like ſwines, as it is ſaid,
The metamorphoſis is ſooner made.
Then full-fac'd *Gnatho* no tobacco take,
Smoaking your corps, leſt bacon you do make.

Of a drunkard.

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whilſt he breathed he would drink no more:
But ſince I know, his meaning, for I thinke,
He ment, he would not breath whilſt he did drink

Of

Of flatterers.

Whilſt on the *Helitrophium Sol* doth ſhine,
Her clos'd and twiſted ſelfe it doth untwine,
But when from her bright *Phœbus* takes his light
She ſhuts againe as ſcornfull to the night.
Whilſt on me *Phœbus* ſun-shine ſhewes his face,
Each man with open armes will me embrace:
But when the ſunne of fortune gins to ſet,
They clutch their own, having no more to get.

Of a proud man.

Sylla would take the upper hand of me,
Saying he was a better man then I;
I knew my ſelfe his better for to be,
But yet the wall I gave him willingly.
The wall he tooke, and take it ever ſhall,
For ſtill the weakeſt goeth to the wall.

The unconſtancy of a woman.

A woman may be faire and yet her minde
Is as unconſtant as the wavering winde,
Venus her ſelfe is faire, ſhe ſhineth farre;
Yet ſhe's a Planet, and no fixed ſtarre.

The pride of Bassa.

If it be true as ancient authors write,
That Blackamores do paint their Divels white,
Then why doth *Bassa* bragge that she is faire,
When such as she most like the Divels are.

Of the Physitians of our time.

Twixt former times and ours there is great odds,
For they held men that were Physitians, gods,
O what a happie age live wee in then,
That have such gods, before that they bee men?

Poore mens happinesse.

Fortune doth favour poore men most of all,
They hope to rise: but rich men feare to fall,

To a Shoomaker.

Coriat shooes, and Shirt did never shift
In his last voyage, would you know his drift?
It was because he scornd, that any one
Should say, hee was a shifting Companion.

To a bald man.

Calvus to combe his head doth take no care:
For why there breedes no nits where growes no haire

of

Of the ſame.

Haire on my head *I* never ſlubber ſhall,
Nor *Calvus* his, for he had none at all.

To the Fowler.

As *Auceps* walked with his peece to ſhoote,
Vpon a toad by chance hee ſet his foote,
VVith that he ſtraight-way ſtarted backe & ſad,
It was the fowleſt Creature that was made,
But ſay hee what hee will, I thinke not ſo,
For he himſelfe a *Fowler* was I know.

Of a Stammerer.

Balbus, with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeake ſo well as he.
For others ſpeak but with their mouth, he knows
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth and (noſe.

Let no day paſſe without learning ſomewhat.

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better far then gold.
Fortune would give him gold which would decay
But fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

Epigrams.

No truth in wine.

Truth is in wine, but none can finde it there,
For in your Tavernes men will lie and ſweare.

Of a Painter.

Priſcus is excellent in making faces,
For he his eyes, his noſe, his mouth diſplaces,
Since he hath skill in making theſe alone,
I wonder much he mendeth not his owne.

Of a forſworne Maid.

Roſa being falſe and perjur'd, once a friend
Bid me contented be, and marke her end,
But yet I care not, let my friend goe fiddle,
And let him marke her end, i'le mark her middle.

The unconſtancy of time.

Thoſe men that travell all the world about,
Do goe to find the rareſt faſhions out:
For all the neweſt faſhions that we weare,
We have beyond Sea: they their faſhions here;
But now the world of faſhions ſeemeth dry,
We looke to find them in the ſtarry skie.
For if you marke it, now this faſhion's new:
To weare a ſtarre on a Polony ſhoo.

Sonnets.

Of a flatterer.

The dogge will ever bark before he bite,
The theefe will bid you ſtand before hee'l fight,
Each lurking beaſt, with ſome ſowre viſage will,
Shew you a former ſigne of following ill:
But *Marcus* yet is ten times worſe then theſe,
Whoſe hart is killing when his words do pleaſe.

Of a Courtier.

Man's but a worme, the wiſeſt ſort doth ſay,
Yet *Clim* the Courtier goes in fine array,
So that if man's a worme till hee's deceaſt,
He meanes to be a ſilke-worme at the leaſt,

On the death of Achilles.

Achilles heart no wound would hurt, his minde
No chance could fright, as we in ſtory finde:
But yet he dyed when he did *Paris* feele,
Surely I thinke his heart was in his heele.

Of

Of a boaſter.

When fooliſh *Icarus* like a bird would flie,
With waxed wings he did aſcend on hie:
But when that *Phœbus* ſaw his proud intent,
Him head-long downe into the ſea he ſent.
Then *Icarus* cry'd, O that I had my wiſh,
I would not be a bird, but be a fiſh.

The pride of Woman.

Why women weare a Fall, I doe not know,
Unleſſe it onely be to make a ſhow.
It's true indeed, to pride they'r given all,
And pride, the Proverbe ſaies, muſt have a fall.

Of one without Teeth.

To *Fuſca* beefe and bacon's very loathſome,
Chickins and Pigeons are not very toothſome:
No marvell though if then ſhe cannot eate,
She hath no teeth, and they are toothſome meate.

Of a ſtubborne Woman.

My wife, while ſhe doth live, her will will take,
For when ſhe dying is, no Will muſt make;
But if ſhee'l promiſe quickly for to die,
Ile grant her will, her life time willingly.

Of falſe accuſers or backbiters.

When *Codrus* catches fleas, what ere he ailes.
He kils them with his teeth, not with his nailes;
Saying, that man by man might blameleſſe goe,
If every one would uſe back-biters ſo.

Of maſter Leech who ran away.

A pillar of the Church ſome *Leech* doe call,
But ſuch as he are Caterpillars all.
He's fled to Rome, there's roome for ſuch as he,
We love his roome, but not his company.

The countenance deſcries the mind.

If *Phœbus* good and bad doth ſee, tis ſigne
Baſſa is bad; for ſhe when *Sol* doth ſhine,
Doth weare a maske, leſt to the peering Sunne,
Her countenance ſhould tell what ſhe hath done.

Epigrams.

An anſwer to Momus.

Whilſt I, as I was wont, went neate and fine;
Momus me *delicatulum* did call:
This was the anſwere which I made to him,
Take you but halfe the word and ile take all.

The Authors education.

The Citie *London* to me life did give,
And *Weſtminſter* did teach me how to live:
To whether place I do moſt dutie owe,
Good Readers tell me, for I hardly know.

Know thy ſelfe, that is, be not proud.

Walking and meeting one not long agoe,
I ask'd who twas: he ſaid he did not know:
I ſaid I know thee, ſo ſaid he, I you,
But he that knowes himſelfe I never knew.

Truſt not too much to thy beauty.

When *Baſſa* walkes abroad, ſhe paints her face,
And then ſhe would be ſeene in every place,
For then your Gallants whoſoere they are,
Vnder a colour will account her faire.

Epigrams.

Of a leane man.

When firſt of all *I Macilent* did ſee,
An vgly ſpirit, *I* thought him for to bee;
But ſince *I* know the cauſe he look'd ſo grimme,
Had hardly fleſh enough to cover him.

Of an Vſurer.

Griper more money got then he could ſpend,
By money which to others he did lend,
Say what he will, he was no gainer yet:
But he a looſer was which ſo did get:
To get by coz'ning, was his whole pretence,
By getting ſo, he loſt his conſcience.

Of the ſame.

Much gold you Griper gather and corrade,
By lending out to uſe, a damned trade,
But whilſt of gold you are a Hell-u-o,
Much to the Divell, much to Hell you owe,

Epigrams.

Of a great gormondiſing belly.

Gaſter did ſeeme to me to want his eyes,
For he could neither ſee his legs nor thighs;
But yet it was not ſo, he had his ſight,
Only his belly hanged in his light.

Of a Page.

Sextus in old apparell ſtill doth goe,
Yet all his ſute is new from top to toe:
It is no marvell though, if this be true,
His maſters old apparell makes him new.

Of a pratler having no teeth.

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordaine,
The nimble friſking tongue for to containe:
No marvell then ſince that the hedge is out,
If *Fuſcus* tongue walketh ſo faſt about.

Neceſsity hath no law.

Florus did beate his Cooke and gan to ſweare,
Becauſe his meat was rotten roſted there.
Peace good ſir quoth the Cook, neede hath no law.
'Tis rotten roſted cauſe twas rotten raw.

Epigrams.

Of one without eares.

Thraſo upon a pillar loſt his eare,
And ever ſince he hid that place with haire;
Now leſt thou *Thraſo*, or his friend would be,
Cut off your locks, that we your eares may ſee.

The poverty of Irus.

Irus uſing to lie upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here line ſo hard (quoth he,
Having but one poore feather under me?
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

Of an ill wife.

Priſcus was weeping when his wife did die,
Yet he was then in better caſe then I:
I ſhould be merry and ſhould thinke to thrive,
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

A darke-ſentence or a riddle.

As *Sextus* once was opening of a nut,
With a ſharpe knife his finger deeply cut,
What ſigne is this quoth he can any tell?
Tis ſigne quoth one, y'have cut your finger well.
Not ſo ſaith he, for now my finger's ſore,
And I am ſure that it was well before.

Of the poverty of Codrus.

Codrus did ſerve a multitude with meat,
Yet he himſelfe had nothing for to eate:
Some men may thinke this frolicke miſery,
Or miſerable liberality.
Vermin did feede on him, when he perhaps
Did either feede on nothing, or on ſcraps.

Of a covetous man.

Cræſus is rich and gallant, faire and fat:
Codrus, thou art but poore, and what of that?
When he is dead, tell *Cræſus* this from me,
More worms will feed on him, then will on thee.

Epigrams.

Of a great drinker.

Bid *Gnatho* heare a Sermon, then heele ſay,
He's a dry fellow that doth preach to day;
But he's a dryer fellow ſure, I thinke
That ne'r has from his noſe a pot of drinke.

Of the ſame.

Gnatho did ſweare that he would drinke no moe,
Flinging the beere away, cauſe it ran low,
Nay faith, ſaies one, it is a ſinne to ſpilt,
For that is noble beere, that runs at Tilt.

Of chaſt Love.

Many accuſe me, cauſe I could doe nothing,
Many accuſe me, cauſe I was a ſlow thing:
But ſoft my Maſters, I was politicke:
For had not I beene ſlow, ſhe had beene quicke.

To a Cuckold.

Cornutus cal'd his Wife, both Whore and Slut,
Quoth ſhe youl never leave your brawling but;
But what quoth he? quoth ſhe, the poſt or dore:
For you have hornes to butt, if I me a whore.

Epigrams.

An Epigram.

The Shopmen gallant goe, and ſpruſe they are,
And give their workmen what they liſt for ware
They drink good wine, they feed upon Anchoves
Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra boves.

An Epigram.

When I in preſſe ſaw theſe things, not long ſince
I judgd they had beene tried by the bench;
For if the Jury once had gone upon them,
'Leſſe they'd bin hang'd or burn'd, what had come
(on them

To G.F.

Since you your ſelfe did breake, you cunning art
Cooz'ning your kindred thus with broken ware

To M.P.

Six yeares I was a ſervant unto thee,
Had I ſerv'd one yeare more I had beene free,
But ſince you got me once upon the hip,
You turn'd me off, before my Prentiſhip.

Epigrams.

An Epigram.

Cima lov'd *Rosa* well, thinking her pure,
And was not quiet till he made her sure,
She married yet another, but the end
Is this, she's *Cinnaes* wife, the others friend.

To certaine Academians.

You that so many precious houres lose,
Fall close vnto your study, let your Muse
Thinke upon nought but goodnes; starve, & pine
Before an houre passe without a line.
For even as the River ebbs and flowes,
This trash and earthly treasure comes and goes,
But learning lasts untill the day of doome,
Sea cannot sinke it, not fire it consume.
What if thy friends thee meat nor money send?
Spend thy time well, thou hast enough to spend.
What if thou beest by chance in prison cast?
Mongst those that are in want, thoul't find a wast.
Nay one may come, thy face that ne'r did see,
And set thee out, as one deliver'd me,

A Love Sonnet.

I Lov'd a Laſſe a faire one,,
As faire as ere was ſeene,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba* Queene.
But foole as then I was,
I thought ſhe lov'd me too,
But now alas ſha's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her haire like gold did gli er
Each eye was like a ſtarre, ſt
Shee did ſurpaſſe her ſiſter,
Which paſt all others farre,
Shee would me hony call,
She'd ô ſhe'd kiſſe me too,
But now alaſſe ſha's left me:
Falero, lero, loo.

In Summer-time to *Medley*,
My love and I would goe,
The boat-men there ſtood readie,
My love and I to rowe:
For Creame there would we call,
For Cakes, and for Prunes too,
But now alaſſe ſha's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had:
She was my onely ſweeting,
She made my heart full glad,
The teares ſtood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew,
But now alaſſe ſha's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,
As Lovers faſhion is,
Oft as we ſweetly talked,
The Sun would ſteale a kiſſe:
The winde upon her lips,
Likewiſe moſt ſweetly blew,
But now alaſſe ſha's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheekes were like the Cherrie,
Her skin as white as ſnow,
When ſhe was blyth and merrie,
She Angel-like did ſhow:
Her waſt exceeding ſmall,
The fives did fit her ſhoo,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In Summer time or winter,
She had her hearts deſire,
I ſtill did ſcorne to ſtint her,
From ſugar, ſacke, or fire:
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walk'd home together,
At midnight through the towne,
To keepe away the weather,
O're her I'de caſt my gowne:
No cold my love ſhould feele,
What ere the heavens could doe,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like Doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiſſe ſo faſt,
Yet ſhe would be unwilling,
That I ſhould kiſſe the laſt,
They're *Iudas* kiſſes now,
Since that they prov'd untrue,
For now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To Maidens vowes and ſwearing,
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing,
But never them beleeve;
They are as falſe as faire,
Vnconſtant, fraile, untrue,
For mine alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Twas I that paid for all things,
Twas other dranke the wine,
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a foole to pine.
Twas *I* that beat the buſh,
The bird to others flew,
For ſhe alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that dame Nature,
For this falſe Lovers ſake,
Another pleaſing creature,
Like unto her would make
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this alaſſe hath left me,
Falero lero, loo.

No riches now can raiſe me,
No want makes me deſpaire,
No miſerie amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have loſt a world it ſelfe,
My earthly heaven adue,
Since ſhe alaſſe hath left me.
Falero, lero, loo.

To his Love fearing a Corrivall.

THe poys'nous Spider and the lab'ring Bee,
The one and ſelfe-ſame flower dayly ſuckes;
But yet in nature much they diſagree:
For poyſon one, the other hony pluckes.
You are the flower (you know my meaning) he
The poys'nous Spider is, and I the Bee.

But

But if you like that ſwelling creature beſt,
Whoſe onely trap can but inſnare a flie ;
I'le leave my writing, and I'le live in reſt,
Vntill another Love can like my eye.
But, if you leaving me, me none can pleaſe,
I'le lingring live in paine, I'le pine in eaſe.

I am the Bee, if thou wilt be the Hive,
Wherein no blacke nor poys'nous moiſture lies ;
I'le be a painefull Bee, I'le daily ſtrive,
How to returne to thee with loaden thighes :
And in the winter, when all flowers periſh,
The hive the bee, the bee the hive ſhal cheriſh.

Tis not your fringe, your gloves, your bands, your lace,
Your gold, your fathers goods that I deſire ;
But tis your golden haire, your comely face,
Tis that, O that, that ſets my heart on fire :
Your hands, your heart, your love, your comely hue ;
Makes me forget my ſelfe ; remembring you.

O that I were a Hat for ſuch a Head !
O that I were a Glove for ſuch a Hand !
O that I were your ſheets within your Bed !
O that I were your ſhoo whereon you ſtand !
To be your very ſmocke ! I'de daily ſeeke ;
So that you would not ſhift me once a weeke.

Another

Another to his Love, ſeeing *her walke in twilight.*

THe deepeſt waters have the ſmootheſt looks
The faireſt ſhirt may hide the fowleſt skin,
Bad lines are often writ in gilded bookes,
View not the out-ſide then, but looke within:
Trie ere you truſt, and if all things be true,
Locke hands in hands, and ſeeke not for a new.

I muſt confeſſe and will, I am but poore,
But rich I am in love, perhaps you know:
But if you to ſome lighter region ſoare,
Diſdaining for to take your flight ſo low,
Take heed leſt by ſome vehemencie of weather,
You chance to burn ſome, or ſcorch ſome other.

But tell me ſweet, if that thy minde be ſet
Upon ſome other man; or if you know,
What thing this Love ſhould be, if not as yet,
Ile teach you what a thing is love; O no,
What thing is love? how can you learne of me,
When firſt I learn'd to love by ſeeing thee?

The

The pretty winding of thy comely head,
The decent rowling of thy comely eye,
Thy tender lilly hand, hath ſtrucke me dead,
Without a touch. No, what is Love? Tis I,
Tis you, 'tis you, 'tis both together, (hither.
You love, I love, both love: ſweet love, come

I caſt an eye upon you yeſter night,
But *Phœbus* Horſes went too great a pace,
Vnwilling to afford me ſo much light,
Wherein I plainely might diſcerne your face:
In ſpite of *Phœbus*, nay in ſpite of you, (true.
Ile looke, Ile love, tis ſomewhat ſtrange, but

Deſiring

Desiring an answer from *his Love.*

IF that I am unworthy of your love,
Let me be worthy of your answer yet,
That I may know whether I must remove
My deare affection from you now, and set
My mind upon my bookes which now I feare
I spend in Love-toyes and am ne'r the neere.

Prethee, sweet Love, some pretty thing indite,
Let those thy pretty fingers hold a Pen;
Vpon some Pretty Piece of Paper write,
Nature made Maidens Prettie, and not men.
What *Midas* toucht was gold, you are so witty
That what you write, or touch, or do, is pretty.

If you want Paper, Paper will I send you,
If you want Inke, I'le likewise send you Inke;
If that you want a Pen, a Pen I'le lend you,
What ere you want, if that I can but thinke
What tis, I'de freely give it to you, so
You would but send an answer, I, or no:

I doe not write to thee for hope of gaines;
But onely for to gaine thy love, ſo then
I prethee *Roſa* take a little paines;
Once more I prethee *Roſa* hold a Pen:
I long to heare from thee, I faine would know,
An anſwer from thee quickly, I, or no.

If it be I, then *Roſa* thou art mine
Then will we ſpend our youthful daies in pleaſure
If it be no, then *Roſa* am I thine:
What ere thy anſwer is thou art my treaſure.
If that (ſweet heart) you'l know the reaſon why
It is becauſe a Maidens No is I.

An

An Answer to her Answer.

SWeet Mistris *Rosa*, for whose onely sake
I'de run through fire and water, nay I'de make
A journey through the dangerous uncouth places
I'de measure all the world with weary paces.
To doe you good: nay more, I'de lose my heart,
Rather then have your little finger smart:
But when you chance to read the same, I flatter
You then will say; but oh, it is no matter,
Mock, flout, neglect, disdaine, spit, spite, contemne,
I needs must love my earthly Diadem.
I flouted others once in miserie,
But other men may now well flout at me;
This is that dire and cursed punishment,
Which all the gods above to me have sent
For all my faults, O see, with pittie see,
Sweet Love, thy Love in wofull miserie,
Whose eyes ne'r sleep, whose fancie still is doing,
Since that he knew what did belong to wooing
Thou art the *Clotho* that hath spun my thred,
By which I seeme to live, but yet am dead.
But prethee *Rosa*, if thou'lt stop my breath,
Kill quicke, let me not have a lingring death:
Pitty, pitty, pitty, pitty, pitty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,
Sweet golden, lilly, lively, tender maid,
Looke, like, live, love me well, and I am made:

To

To his ſecond Love.

Twixt hope & fear, I feare (ſweet love) I live,
Thinking my heart was given long agoe;
Being one man has but one heart to give,
How can you looke for mine, yet thinke not ſo?
But try me, truſt me, and ſweet heart, you'l ſee,
I have a heart that's onely kept for thee,

Miſdoubt me not, although I lov'd before,
Miſdoubt me not, but I lov'd faithfully,
Experience makes me now love ten times more,
I have my leſſon now without booke, I:
When firſt I lov'd, I was a fondling foole,
Now am I a Captaine made in *Cæpids* ſchoole.

You ſmile on me, but if youle ſmile no more,
What wil thoſe men that know me now ſurmiſe,
Being I was forſaken once before,
Theyle thinke me hateſull in a maidens eyes,
Theyle thinke all hate me, or ſuppoſe indeed,
I onely came to woo, but not to ſpeed.

O how much am I bound to Nature now,
For making thee, that doſt ſo farre excell,
Her whom I thought excel'd all others? how
Am I then bound to Nature prethee tell.
The difference twixt my firſt love, and you,
Is this, ſhe's faire and falſe, thou faire and tru

Miſdoubt me not, for by the Heavens above,
Thou ſhalt not find me with a double tongue;
For if I am the man thou canſt not love,
I am the man that will doe thee no wrong.
For if I ſpeake by thee but any evill,
Count me no more a Man, count me a Divell.

Of the burning of his Letter.

Like as the Moth about the candle flies,
Hoping to have ſome comfort from the ligh
Scorcheth her wings, and on a ſudden lies
Panting upon the ground, or burned quite:
So I ſtill hoping thee ſweet heart, to move,
Conſume my ſelfe in burning flames of love.

Ah

Alas, alas, thy beauty ſhines ſo bright,
It duls and dazels all that doe come nigh thee,
This is the cauſe I never come, but write,
Without an Eagles eye, how dare I eye thee?
Cupid is blind; then I in loving thee,
And looking too, ſhould be more blind then he.

Why do I ſigh, and ſob, and broyle, and burne?
Why doe I ſeeke to ſtrive againſt the ſtreame?
Letters, nor love, nor lookes, thy heart can turne,
Why doe I then make love my onely theame?
I love, you hate; I write, but what the better?
I burne in love, and you doe burne my letter.

Poore harmleſſe verſes, what did yee commit?
Hard-hearted *Flora*, how did they offend thee?
More verſes have I made for thee, but yet (thee.
Ile ſweare thou ſhalt not burne the next Ile ſend
Burning's too baſe a death, therefore the reſt,
If they deſerve to die, they ſhall be preſt.

Maſter *Johnſons* anſwer to Maſter *Withers*.

Withers.

SHall I waſting in deſpaire,
Die becauſe a woman's faire,
Or my cheekes make pale with care,
Cauſe anothers Roſie are?
Be ſhe fairer then the day,
Or the flowrie meades in *May*,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how faire ſhe be?

Iohnſon.

Shall I mine affections ſlacke,
Cauſe I ſee a woma's blacke:
Or my ſelfe with care caſt downe,
Cauſe I ſee a woman browne?
Be ſhe blacker then the night,
Or the blackeſt Jet in ſight:
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how blacke ſhe be?

Withers.

Shall my fooliſh heart be pin'd,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman's kind,
Or a well diſpoſed nature
Joyned in a comely feature?
Be ſhe kinde or meeker than,
Turtle Dove or Pelican;
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how kind ſhe be?

Johnſon.

Shall my fooliſh heart be burſt,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman's curſt,
Or a thwarting hoggiſh nature
Joyned in as bad a feature?
Be ſhe curſt or fiercer then
Brutiſh Beaſt, or ſavage Men:
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how curſt ſhe be?

Withers.

Shall a woman's vertues make
Me to periſh for her ſake,
Or her merits value knowne,
Make me quite forget my owne?
Be ſhe with that goodneſſe bleſt,
That may merit name of beſt,
If ſhe ſeeme not ſo to me,
What care I how good ſhe be?

Johnſon.

Iohnſon.

Shall a womans vices make
Me her vertues quite forſake,
Or her faults to me made knowne,
Make me thinke that I have none?
Be ſhe of the moſt accurſt,
And deſerve the name of worſt:
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how bad ſhe be?

Withers.

Cauſe her fortunes ſeeme too high,
Should I play the foole and die?
He that beares a noble mind
If not outward helpe he find,
Think what with them he would do
That without them dares to woo.
And unleſſe that mind I ſee,
What care I how great ſhe be?

Iohnſon.

Cauſe her fortunes ſeeme too low,
Shall I therefore let her goe?
He that beares an humble mind,
And with riches can be kind,
Thinke how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were ſome ſervile ſlave.
And if that ſame mind I ſee.
What care I how poore ſhe be.

Sonnets.

Withers

Great or good or kind or faire,
I will ne'r the more dispaire;
If shee loue mee, then beleeue
I will die, ere she shall grieue:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can slight and bid her go:
If she be not fit for me
What care I for whom she bee?

Johnson.

Poore or bad or curst or blacke,
I will ne'r the more be slacke;
If she hate me, then beleeue,
She shall die, ere I will grieue:
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and loue her too:
If that she be fit for me
What care I that others bee?

To the Reader.

It is common Custome now a dayes,
For one to write Upon another prayse:
But I no Trumpet seeke no sound of drum.
No man for me shall make Encomiums.
Thier Verses cannot make those Verses better
They will not mend a staffe, a line, a letter.

The Cryes of Ludgate.

Noble King lud long here hast thou stood,
Not framed of wood,
But of Stone;
Stones sure thou art, like a creditors heart,
Which cares not a —
For our Grones,
Within thy Gates, the Crie at thy Grates
Though it mones the State of this Citie:
Our Calling, our bawling, or yawling it moues not
Our Creditors hearts into pittie;
In Caps & in Coates, with sorrowful notes,
And tearing our throates
For reliefe,
Good Sir, we Crie with a Box hanging by,
Heers a hundred that lie
Full of Griefe.
The Gallants ride on, & neer think upon
Our Pittifull mone
Which we make:
But rumbling & tumbling, & jumbling their loaches
The Stones in the Street they do shake
Merchants that go by the Gate to & fro,
Their hearts at our woe,
Seem to shake
Thinking what Crosses what Grief & what losses.
When their Caracks to Seas
They take.
These men are best, remorse in their breast
Doth harbour and rest
To the needie

They roundly, profoundly, & soundly are giving
As if they to free them were greedie
Others passe by, & cast up an Eie,
Upon that Crie,
In disdaine,
Saying that we all quickly would be,
If now were free, here again.
Let them take heed that mock vs indeed,
And thus at our need go by grinning
Tis so man, that no man can know his
Ending
Though well he may know his beginning.

The Song of the Beggar.

I am a Rogue and a stout one,
A most Coragious Drinker
I doe Excell 'tis Knowne full well,
The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.
Still do Jerg, good yr. Worship, good Sir,
Bestow one Small Denire, Sir:
And bravely at the bousing ken
I'le bouse it all in Beere, Sir.

If a Bung be got by the tie law,
Then straight I do attend them,
For if Hue & Crie doe follow, I
A wrong way Goone do Send them.
Still I doe Orge, &c

Ten miles vnto a market,
I runne to meet a Miser
Then in a throng, I nip his Bung,
And the Partie neer he arser
Still do Jerge, &c

My Vaintie Dals my Doxis
Whenever they See me Lacking,
Without delay poor Dretches they,
Will Set their Duds a packing.
Still do Jerie, &c

I

The Song of the Begger.

I pay for what I call for,
And ſo perforce it muſt be,
For as yet I can, not know the man,
Nor Oaſtis that will truſt me.
Still doe I cry, &c.

If any give me lodging,
A courteous Knave they find me,
For in their bed, alive or dead,
I leave ſome Lice behind me,
Still doe I crye, &c.

If a Gentry Coe be comming,
Then ſtraight it is our faſhion,
My Legge I tie cloſe to my thigh,
To move him to compaſſion.
Still doe I crie, &c.

My doublet ſleeve hangs emptie,
And for to begge the bolder,
For meat and drinke, mine arme I ſhrinke,
Vp cloſe unto my ſhoulder.
Still doe I crie, &c.

If a coach I heare berumbling
To my crutches then I hie me.
For being lame, it is a ſhame,
Such gallants ſhould denie me.
Still doe I crie, &c.

With

With a ſeeming burſten belly,
I looke like one halfe dead Sir,
Or elſe I beg with a woodden legge,
And a Night-cap on my head Sir.
Still doe I crie, &c.

In winter time ſtarke naked
I come into ſome Citie,
Then every man that ſpare them can,
Will give me cloathes for pittie.
Still doe I cry, &c.

If from out the Low-country,
I heare a Captaines name Sir,
Then ſtrait I ſweare I have bin there,
And ſo in fight came lame Sir.
Still doe I cry,

My Dogge in a ſtring doth lead me,
When in the Towne I goe Sir,
For to the blind, all men are kind,
And will their Almes beſtow Sir,
Still doe I cry, &c.

With Switches ſometimes ſtand I,
In the bottome of a hill Sir, (Switch
There thoſe men that doe want a
Some mony give me ſtill Sir.
Still doe I cry, &c.

The Song of the Begger.

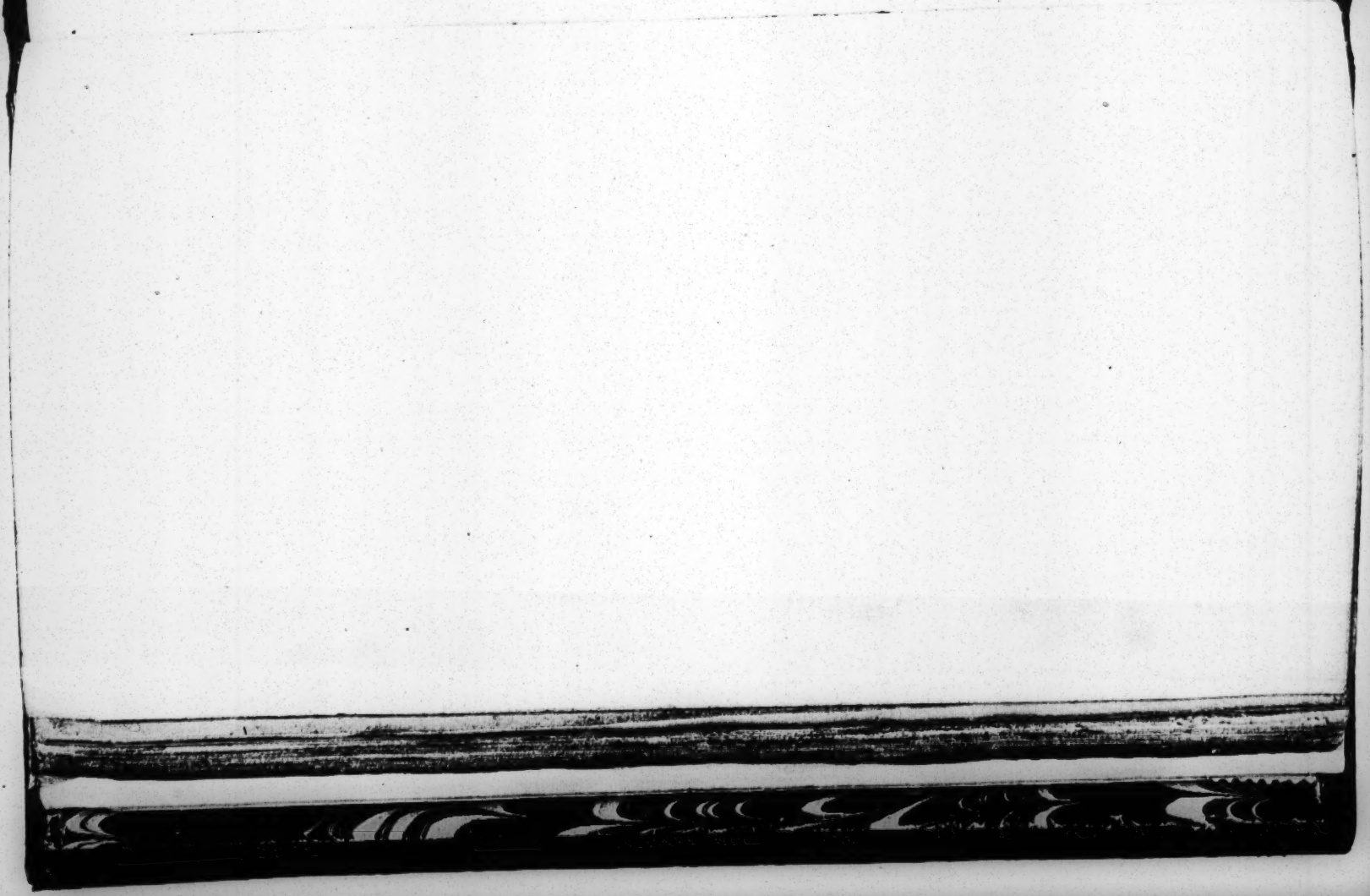
Come buy, come buy a Horne booke:
Who buyes my Pins or Needles?
In Cities I theſe things doe crie,
Oft times to ſcape the Beadles.
Still doe I cry, &c.

In *Pauls* Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes you ſee me ſtand Sir,
With a writ that ſhowes, what cares and woes
I paſt by Sea and Land Sir.
Still doe I cry, &c.

Now blame me not for boaſting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my ſelfe I will be praiſing ſtill,
For Neighbours have I none Sir.
Which makes me cry good your worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow one ſmall Denire Sir,
And bravely then at the bouſing Ken,
Ile bouſe it all in beere Sir.

FINIS.

FINIS



Fund

Larned, English

Collation Dec. 12, 1934

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